

VOL. I.

WEEKLY



VISITOR.

[illegible]

LADIES' MISCELLANY

VOL. I.

SATURDAY, February 26, 1893.

[No. 21].

THE CRIMINAL

(Concluded from p. 14)

him, the hour of his fate is run, the inexorable Nemesis detains her debtor. The street to which he had trusted himself has no outlet; he is obliged to turn upon his pursuers.

"Because I was weary of being the laughing-stock of your populace."
 "You threatened to fire on them."
 "My pistol was not loaded, you may examine it, you will find no ball in it."

MEANWHILE the landlord stop-

curious spectacle had attracted the notice
 of the mob, and assembled them in
 flocks about him. A general murmur
 arises, they point alternately at the steed
 and the rider, till at last the wantonness
 of the people ended in downright riot.
 The horse at which every one pointed,
 unfortunately happened to be a stolen
 one—he imagines that the horse had
 been advertised and was known. His
 unexpressed hospitality of the justice con-
 firms him in his suspicions. Now he is
 fully persuaded that the appearance of
 his passport is detected, and that the
 invitation is only a snare to catch him
 alive, and without resistance. A bad
 conscience makes him a blockhead, he
 puts spurs to his horse, and gallops off
 without returning a single word.
 This sudden flight is the signal for
 pursuit.

The noise of this affair in the mean time had put the whole town in commotion, crowds gather on crowds, every street is barricaded, a host of forces advances against him. He takes out a pistol, the populace falls back, he determines to open himself a way by force through the crowd. "I'll blow out that man's brains," cries he, "who is fool-hardy enough to stop me. — Fear commands a general pause; — a resolute journeyman smith at last lays hold of his arm from behind, seizes the finger, with which frantic with despair he was just going to draw the trigger, and thrusts it out of joint. The pistol falls, the defenceless wretch is torn from his horse, and dragged back in triumph to the justices.

"Because I have things of value with me and because I have been awarded for a certain landlord of the sun, who is said to invest this part of the country."

"I will remain by the answer I have given."

"To the tower?—your worship, I hope, there is still justice in the land. I shall require satisfaction."

The next morning the justice considered, that the stranger might be innocent, that the authoritative manner of speaking would have but little influence on his obstinacy, and that it would be perhaps better to treat him with decency and moderation. He assembled the jury of the place, and ordered the prisoner to be brought before them."

"Pardon me, sir, in the first moment of my passion I yesterday spoke a little harshly to you."

"With pleasure, if you address me in this manner."

"Our laws are severe; and your affair

"made a noise, I cannot set you at liberty, without infringing my duty. Appearances are against you, I wish you could say something to me by which they might be confuted."

"But if I knew nothing?"

"Then I must state the case to government, and you remain so long in custody."

"And then?"

"Then you run the danger of being whipped over the frontiers as a vagrant, or if they deal graciously with you they will force you to enlist."

He was for some moments silent, and appeared to have a severe conflict with himself; then he turned boldly towards the judge.

"Can I be a quarter of an hour alone with you?"

The jury looked at one another in a doubtful manner, but retired on a commanding wink from their superior.

"Now what is your request?"

"Your behavior of yesterday, sir, would never have brought me to a confession, for I see force in your defence. The delicacy, with which you have treated me this day, has inspired me with confidence and respect towards you. I believe that you are a man of honor."

"What have you to say to me?"

"I see that you are a man of honor. I have long wished for such a man as you. Allow me your right hand."

"What is the use of all this?"

"The head is grey and reverend, you have lived long in the world—have had perhaps sorrows enough of your own—is it not so? and are become more inclined to pity the misery of your fellow-creatures?"

"Sir, what is the meaning of this?"

"You are now on the bench of eternity, soon—soon will you yourself stand in need of mercy from God. You will not refuse it to men—have you no idea of what I am going to say? With whom do you suppose you speak?"

"What is all this? You frighten me!"

"Have you still no idea? write to your prince, and state what you found me, and that I was myself from free choice my betrayer—may God hereafter be merciful to him, as he will presently be to me—entreat his pity in my behalf, father, and let us talk on your report;—I am the landlord of the sun."

"What is the meaning of this?"

THE SWAN, No. IV.

Isaac Newton, John Locke, Horace.

Deep science in the mazy lore
Of mad philosophy.

Of any farther apology as superfluous, I subjoin the second letter of my good friend Hobgoblicus.

Mr. Student,

As you dealt so gently with my last lucubration, I have ventured a continuation of the subject, determined that no part of my labor in that way shall be lost. As to your censures, I cannot but consider them just; and I feel not a little pain of the long spun paragraph with which you were pleased to honor even my errors.

In my last I proved from reason and from fact the existence of a good and evil genius; pointed out their respective employments, and but for the want of every thing but pen, ink, paper and time, would before this have illumined the word with the compleat history of these newly discovered deities. I can scarce hold my pen for rapture, Mr. Omega, when I think of the blessings which my speculations are about to shower on mankind. How they will enlarge the basis of virtuous principle, and extend the limits of useful science; how they will elevate the naked, feed the hungry and shed around the dark dwelling of distress a beam of celestial consolation. And, Oh, ye gods! to think that my name will be echoed by succeeding ages, as the champion of philosophy, the father of benevolence, and the advocate of intellectual dignity and freedom. But my feelings are getting the better of my philosophy. I must therefore throw by my pen for a moment to indulge in these transporting images.

Once more (thanks to a cold bath) I am Hobgoblicus the Philosopher; and least I should fall again into one of those enthusiastic sweats, I'll immediately to the subject. I must now enter into an enquiry respecting the essence, and local relations of these rival beings—an enquiry which derives much of its importance, from the impossibility of coming at the truth. Could the idea of visibility and tangibility be detached from corporeal matter, I should be inclined to consider them as such.

But more than one objection arises to this supposition. Were they of a terrestrial order, as their stations are contiguous to the person, we would be constantly in range of catching them; and besides their perpetual opposition must sometime lead them to blows, in which case we would be placed between two fires, to the infinite annoyance of our head and ears. You will also recollect sir, that in delineating their respective characters, I considered them as capable of transforming themselves into any shape, and animating even the inert mass of a watchman or a lamp-post. They must therefore be considered as spiritual, such as the *Furies* of old; who it is said could skip through a key-hole, or dance on the corners of the moon.

It remains now to determine their local relations to the human frame. And this appears, to me however impracticable, to be an enquiry of great and intrinsic moment. Because, could we ascertain with precision, the posts which they respectively occupy, we might always shun the mal-counsels of the one, and embrace the favors of the other. Now alas! we are forced to grope through a life of impenetrable darkness, and in every misfortune that befalls us, to find our nose longer than our arms. Some have been of opinion that they are seated on the shoulders, for the greater convenience of whispering their counsels at the ears. The advocates of this opinion, I must no hesitation in saying, have often let an unreasonable tap on that capital part of the body. Another class contend that they are being the most central, is their most probable situation. These no doubt are blessed with strong noses, and therefore for a very good reason, suppose their evil genius to be seated in that inhospitable member. Others again in the eyes, because they are often covered with the sight of long bills, and empty noses! All however agree that they are somewhere in the vicinity of the head, that being the metropolis of folly, and the winter quarters of misfortune. For my own part, I have not been able as yet to reduce my notions on this branch of the subject to any degree of certainty: and yet I do not despair. Speculation indeed disdains the beaten way, and bounds with one majestic effort into regions, where genius calls into action all her powers, and the imagination may wander in uncontrouled licentiousness; but she will triumph over every obstacle. No

Only The Female Sex not the Weakest
I KNOW not," said Cento, "any thing so weak, vain, and contemptible, as those fantastic creatures called Women; who, fond of themselves, endeavor to please with no other view than to exert tyrannic power over the weak wretch who has fallen into their colweb nets. I say weak wretch,—for their aims and their alluring arts are all lost upon men of sense; who, like Aesop's swallow, break through the web wrought to confine them, without being sensible that any such attempt was made upon their liberty. A woman, if you endeavor to please her, immediately proves that you have undertaken to wash the Ethiopian white; you may as well undertake to make a coat to fit the moon, which is always changing; and if you neglect or cross her, she is as loud as a Turkish drum, as boisterous as a north-east wind, and as revengeful as a disturbed nest of hornets. To embellish themselves, and deprecate others, are their chief studies; they are a composition of vanity and ill-nature; they are a very paradox, covetous and extravagant.—In a word, they are so great a nuisance, so great an obstacle to the repose of the world, that I think with a certain philosopher,—that it would have been a great happiness, if the gods had found out some other means for continuing our species. Of what mischiefs have they not been productive!—how many states have they subverted!—how many noble enterprises have they rendered abortive!—how many ————"
 Here Climeus interrupted him, by saying to Cento, "I cannot find fault with nature but with you, that you are always running into panegyrics upon us! You indeed look upon us as very weak characters; but at the same times you are going to prove us a great deal superior to that lord-like ornament of the creation, *the male*. You yourself have courted the smiles, and apprehended the frowns, of this detestable part of the creation; and I have seen you as much upon your guard before Roanda as if your life depended, in earnest (as you have often protested,) upon her good opinion of you. But, not to digress from the subject you were upon,—the emascuration of the male, which our sex have occasioned: to what are they owing but to the absolute dominion which we

exercise over you?—such that hardly is there any greater or even trifling enterprise which is not animated by some woman: a woman either gives birth to, carries on, or concludes the most notable. If, then, we are so weak, and therefore contemptible, are not you equally or more despicable, for that weakness which you discover towards us? We can influence the designs of the deepest politicians; and history can show you men who would sacrifice their country, their honor, their conscience, to purchase the approbation of a woman! Philosophers will discard their severity to gain the smiles of a woman! A woman can disarm the greatest hero; and, what is still more, a woman can make the covetous prodigal; can make him lavish his gold who paid the price of his soul to obtain it. One look from a woman shall make that man tremble, whose frowns would strike terror in a whole nation: Her eyes can triumph over the most fixed resolves, and by a tender glance prove too strong for habitual virtue. When once a woman has possession of the heart of a man, he will hesitate at nothing, regard nothing, spare nothing, to content her; nay, so absolute is our power, that we can change the nature of yours; take from you the sword, and add your hand with a distaff: you are little better than machines, which we, by the springs of our affection, can wind and turn as we think fit: we can sink your joy into grief, or enliven the afflicted. 'Tis to woman that polishes the rusticity of Nature, and can make a beau of a sloven, a reasonable man of a pedant, and the most indolent assiduous. What man was ever yet raised to that height of grandeur as to think it below him to sue to woman? What tongue ever refused our praise? As we have this empire over your sex, you cannot pretend to hold us in contempt; but at the same time you prove that you are the most contemptible; your satires and invectives are only so many monuments of your subjection. Like a subdued nation, you may rail in private at the weight of the yoke which your conquerors have imposed, but you will never be able to shake it off while you tremble at their sight. If Rosinda was here, I should have the pleasure to hear you recant every word you have said.

But what advantage can you claim over us? We have a strength of reason equal to your's; we can attain the knowledge of the most difficult arts and sci-

ences with at least an equal facility. Indeed, you are of a more robust form; yet it is in our power to manage that strength you boast of; and the beauty of our sex is given to govern yours. You cannot vaunt a courage beyond ours. Your friendship or love is not so unalterable. Your virtue we can overthrow with a kind look, and ours will stand firm against all your seducity: you may vainly besiege us; neither time nor artifice will get the better of a virtuous woman. If, then, there is a difference between us, you must own it is gloriously on our side; as our resolution is far surpassing yours. We do not yield to you in any endowments of the mind; and you confess we surpass you in the beauty of our form.

"I know not by what barbarous policies we were first debauched: the improvements of our mind by study and our time employed about trifles, while your sex has every advantage of this kind; but I can impute it to your jealousy only. It is to this injustice of your sex that you ought to attribute the greater part of our being pleased with follies, and accustomed to utter them; but how many of our sex do we every day hear talk as idly, and say things which move the compassion of those who have a better taste of their education? Had we the same pains and care taken of us, we should find, as fancy, more excellent philosophers among the women than among the men. We have equalled the greatest among you, and have publicly taught those who have, under our care, become famous for their erudition; and you have among you a pretty happy number who can rival the most inconsiderable of ours in indolence, ignorance, affectation, dress, dissipation, and garrulity."

It was agreed that Olimene had fully proved that man was the weaker sex; and that the conclusion was undeniable. If weakness was the ground of contempt, we must consequently be the most contemptible of the two.

Cento, both confused and angry, said we were partial judges; that Olimene argued from a principle which he denied; viz. that they had a power to make fools of us, which was false; that if it was true in some particulars, as in Marc Antony, Alexander, Sampson, Solomon, and some others, which she might make a parade of, as being un-

tacked in drink, fits, and various moments, and old age; that it was not just to conclude from particulars to generals. For his part, he never was nor ever would be a woman's machine; that he had, indeed, a regard for Rosinda, but it proceeded rather from her masculine sense than female beauty, which did not pass the admiration, and would be blown off with the revolution of a few suns; and to think otherwise of him would be entertaining as mean an opinion of his sense, as he had a contemptible one of those vain talking things, who have so great a dependence on the power of their own charms. Saying this, he left the room in a passion, which threw the company into a fit of laughter.

VIRTUE is a principle emanating from the fountain of Perfection. No that source are we indebted for its existence in the human breast. It has for its object, the happiness of man, in this and in future worlds. By this united voice of all who have felt its happy effects, it is deemed the only permanent foundation of happiness. That is its conductive to happiness, even in this world, the abandoned and the perjured dare not deny, and the voice of experience hath in all ages of the world, sanctioned the truth of the observation.

Why then, the question arises, do not mankind in general, cultivate and encourage this heavenly principle? Why do they parade a conduct directly opposite to its dictates? It is because they never felt its joyous influence, they never experienced the happiness of him, in whose breast dwells the delicious joy which virtue inspires. Ignorant in the ways of the world, or carried away in the vortex of dissipation, they have little pleasure and less inclination to pursue more noble objects. Their ignoble souls desire the name of virtue, which is confined to its sacred origin and its benign effects.

Te reciter of dissipation, who pursued with unremitting ardor the dissipated life, which his fancy portrayed as the pleasure in the midst of noise and confusion, from her native

secess, and sought in the pursuit of virtue, those noble and sublime pleasures, to which the virtuous of mind are strangers.

A NATIVE of Holland, who from his early youth had lived a rural life in the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, happened to be on horseback on the coast at the very point of time, that a vessel was shipwrecked by a dreadful tempest; the greater part of the crew perished in the waves, the remainder were struggling with death on the shattered planks that still floated on the surface of the water, no boat could be sent out in such a dreadful storm for the deliverance of these poor people; the humane and intrepid Hollander undertakes to save them; he blows brandy into the nostrils of his horse, and having himself firmly in his stirrups, he plunges into the sea, and gaining the wreck, brings back to the shore two men of the crew, each of whom held by one of his boots. In this manner he went, and returned seven times; and thus, saved fourteen of the passengers. But the eighth time (and here the generous hero will almost fall) on his return, a rapid and immense surge overtook his horse: the heroic rider lost his seat, and was swallowed up with the two unfortunate victims he was endeavoring to snatch from death. What exit could be more glorious than that of this generous man? We celebrate the chiefs who expire in the field of battle, among the victims they have been sacrificing, and if their motives are just and spirited, let them have their glory! but we cannot help contemplating with a more pleasing kind of admiration this intrepid man, dying in an attempt to save his fellow creatures from destruction.

THE BIRTH OF PITY.
In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and

Joy. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favored by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse *Sorrow*, the daughter of *Até*. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighboring plains gathered round, and called her *Pity*. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin, where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in among them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong

taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

At the world's end, the Essex side of Gravesend.
To be sold at auction, by W. NEYRELL;
On Monday the 32d instant,
The sale to begin at ten o'clock in the Afternoon.

LOT I. A copper cart saddle, a leather handsaw, two woolen frying pans, and a glass wheelbarrow.

Lot II. Three pair of pea straw breeches, a china quarry cart, and two glass bedsteads with copper hangings.

Lot III. One deal coal grate, with paper smokejack, a mahogany poken, and a pair of gauze bellows.

Lot IV. One leather teabottle, an iron feather bed, six pair of brass boots, and a stool nightcap. Also, one powder waistcoat, and three flint wigs, a bell-metal sieve and a calimanco hogtrough, a buckram warming pan and a pewter looking glass, a japan beetle and a leather wedge, three silk hog-yokes, and a pinchbeck swill-tub, four sheep-skin milk-pails, and a wheat-straw trammel, a lamb-skin grindstone, and a modish hatchet, a pair of pewter pudding-bags and a canvas gridiron, a dimity coal-scuttle, and three satin chamberpots, a wooden timber-chain, and a brass cart-ropes.

Intemperance drives *W* out of the head, money out of the pocket, *W* out of the bottle, *W* out of the coat, and health out of the body.

FOR THE VISITOR.

ENIGMA.

YE juvenile wits this Enigma explore,
Bring the pen of a bard, who ne'er ventur'd before,
To stalk forth in public and offer you rhymes
Much deficient in merit in these modern times;
But I hope for your candor, and haste to pursue
The strange contradictions I offer to you.
I'm a Squire, a Pedlar or proud lofty Earl;
I'm a Lady of fashion, or poor Beggar Girl;
I'm a King or a Peasant, a Wit and a Clown,
A mag. County Justice, or Merchant in Town;
I'm a Dean, I'm a Belle, I'm an Emperor too;
A Turk or an African, Christian and Jew;
A ruddy fac'd Vicar, a Miser or Doctor;
A Gamester, a Spendthrift, a Lawyer or Proctor;
A Sailor or Soldier that handles his gun,
A mountebank Doctor, vomiting his fun;
A frightful old Maid, or Termagant wife,
A Bachelor state; or I'm married for life;
And in teaching me out, (should you chance to do so)
Perchance you may find me in Robinson Crusoe.
In short I'm a Poet that offers you rhymes,
And what you and I, and we all are at times.
E. W. Broad-way.
Our readers are challenged for a Solution.

ANECDOTES.

A LABORER'S daughter, who had been in service from her childhood, when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she emphatically termed it, she might rest her bones. Her master at last listened to her prayers, and a neighboring clergyman per led her to the altar, *resting* her. Sometime afterwards her late mistress, meeting her, asked her, "Well, Mary, have you rested your bones yet?" "Yes, indeed, (replied she with a sigh) I have rested my jaw-bones."

Soon after the institution of the Royal Society, King Charles II. sent a question for their discussion, "What was the reason why a dead fish was so much heavier than a living one?" Many wise treatises were accordingly written by the members of this learned body, to point out the physical reasons for this difference. At last, after the point had undergone a complete discussion, it occurred to them to try the fact, when they discovered, to their no small mortification, that they were laughed at by the King, the living fish and the dead one, being exactly the same weight.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, February 26, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 32 persons during the week ending on the 19th inst. viz. of Consumption 3—Fits 1—Inflammation 1—Small-pox 1—Hives 1—Dropsy 1—Drowned 1—not distinguished 21—Adults 19—Children 12. Total 32.

It has recently been discovered that an application of Turpentine to parts which have been burnt or scalded, is the most effectual mode of allaying pains, and lessening the effects of the injury. The practice is now generally adopted by medical men, and is found preferable to any.

It has been found by experience, that a quantity of snow thrown into the well of a foul necessary, decomposes and carries off the offensive contents in its dissolution.

A petition from the citizens of New York, on the subject of their election of Charter officers, and a remonstrance from the Corporation on the same subject, were on Tuesday the 15th, inst. read in the House of Assembly of our state Legislature.

Died, this Morning, (Monday) at 7 o'clock, Thomas Wignell, one of the Managers of the New Theatre. In consequence of this event, the entertainments of the Theatre will be suspended until further notice.

Of Mr. Wignell, it may be truly observed, he was a man of an excellent disposition and benevolent heart. As a performer, his merit, though not towering, was far above mediocrity. In the arduous station of manager, his deportment was calculated to win and preserve the regard and esteem of those who were associated with him. To his duty to the public, he paid a scrupulous

and undeviating attention; and although in this particular he may not always have given general satisfaction, it was more owing to the imperious and unavoidable circumstances of his profession, than to any individual remissness. In private life he was esteemed for the correctness of his demeanor, the mildness of his temper, and the amiable qualities which inhabited his heart. To Mrs. Wignell, who is thus suddenly bereaved of a fond and indulgent husband and protector, this lamentable visitation is a severe affliction. The public will sincerely condole with her on this melancholy event.

Philadelphia Gazette.

THEATRICAL REGISTER

FOR 1803.

Public amusements are the best criterions of national taste and manners. They furnish an avenue to information, more immediate than experience, and more correct than the minutest enquiry. In a nation of rustics, agility and strength will form the ground-work of recreation; voluptuousness will riot in the grossest sensuality; superstition will seek amusements which partake of mystery and horror, and in spectacles of suffering and of contest, will consist the pleasures of a war-like people. Thus are the various distinctions of national character, marked by corresponding features in national relaxations, and the successive grades from the savage, to the citizen, distinguished by as many different colors, of the public taste.

In ages of science and refinement, it has ever been the care of those, in whose hands have been placed the legislative guardianship of a nation, to select amusements, which are equally remote from the rudeness of the peasant, the gloom of the devotee; the effeminacy of the voluptuous; or the relentless ferocity of the soldier—amusements which neither misguide reason, nor enfeeble intellect, which renovate the morals, while they amuse the fancy; and relieve the toil of business, without unfitting the mind for its pursuit—And such is the Stage—Antiquity has sanctioned it; it has survived the revolutions of opinion and of empires as such, and successive ages have perpetuated in its existence, the sense of its virtues. In the highest stage of Augustan refinement, the The-

atre was the resort of the fashionable and the learned: it was the tribunal of genius and of taste—it received the patronage of the serious and the gay; the cautious and the severe; and vice paid her tribute to its merit, while she trembled at its satire. In the night of Gothic ignorance that followed, the stage fell an indiscriminate sacrifice in the ruins of science, and of virtue, and revived only when refinement again took place among the powers of Europe. Nor was the Theatre less honorably noticed, in that nation of philosophers and of poets, where Homer first kindled the enthusiasm of nature, and from which learning poured forth her treasures on the world. Its very existence for so long a period is a proof of its merits, and its existence in ages of refinement only, and under the auspices of the wise and good, is a fact which supercedes the toil of argument, and silences the voice of mistaken prejudice. In vain are we told of its immoral tendencies, and of the ruin which it opens to youthful extravagance and dissipation; in vain does the voice of opposition anathematize its pleasures; that voice ceases to impress, when it is recollected that it is raised only against abuses of the institution, and execrates it only from a view of the distortions, into which perverse misapplication has thrown it. Such objections, would go to overturn the whole system of civil institutions, and mislead the wisest calculations of social economy. No, the tragic muse finds an advocate in every feeling bosom. The tear of sensibility will obliterate the hasty sentence of the bigot, and the voice of science and of taste, will drown the clamors of deluded prejudice. In the favorites of *Comus*, are advocates no less strenuous and sincere, who laugh at such weak attempts, to deprecate their darling recreation.

However grateful may be the sacrifice to idle dissipation, that dissipation, in time becomes insipid. The mind may be weary at last, in an element so unlike her own. Surely to sensuality itself that amusement must prove a grateful change, which relieves from the tumult, while it is not without the charms of pleasure; which enriches the costume, of wit and pleasantry, which hushes reflection without violence to the heart, and which fills the memory of real in the participation of imaginary action.

But to the temperate and the enlight-

ened, what inducement need be offered, greater, than a relaxation in which are analyzed the follies and the vices of mankind; which softens the sensibilities, while it strengthens the disposition to virtue, and calls into exercise those sentiments which ennoble humanity, and confer the happiness of heaven on the circles which they animate.

We have already taken occasion to express our regret that the theatrical entertainments of our city should be suspended from the want of public patronage. The torrent of dissipation was indeed found resistless, and the only prospect of success was to wait till its strength had gone by. That period seems now to have arrived, and the Drama once more ventures to stem the current. Whether or not success will attend the effort, depends much on the bias of the respectable and the affluent. To their neglect (if it ever should fall) the theatre will owe its ruin: for to them it looks for support—they are the standard of public imitation, and they should be the guardians of public taste. It would indeed be a sad prospect to the friend of his country and of elegance, were polite amusements to be banished from our shores, and our Ladies, like those of Portugal and Spain, resort for entertainment to the Bull-ring or the Cock-fight, or to an Italian degradation to the midnight masquerade or card-table.

Monday, February 21
VOICE OF NATURE, and COUNTRY HIRESSES. On the former of these pieces we have before remarked, nothing therefore need be added but that we were happy to see a flattering tribute paid to its merit by the presence of a brilliant audience.

During the interval of exhibition, the boxes have been painted a lighter blue, and the benches repaired and covered. These are improvements which add to the elegance as well as the convenience of the house.

Wednesday, Feb. 23.
VOICE OF NATURE, and COUNTRY HIRESSES. Altered from *Kanbrugh and Gibber.*

The afterpiece of the *COUNTRY* had been advertised, but owing to the indisposition of Mr. Hodgkinson, the *COUNTRY HIRESSES* was substituted in its room.



MAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET A SORROWAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

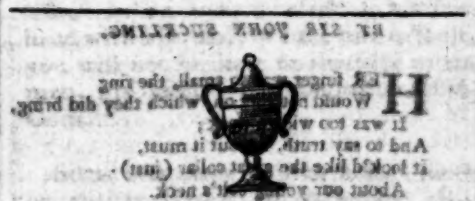
On Thursday last week, Mr. Ezra Sergeant, to Miss Nancy Walker, both of this city.

On Saturday last, at Bedford, Mr. John Gilmour, merchant of this city, to Miss Catharine Fordon, of Long-Island.

On Monday evening, Capt. Philips, of this city, to Miss Rebecca Townsend, of East-Chester.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Rufus Greene, to Miss Eliza Sherwood, both of this city.

THE BRIDE



AS FLIES THE DEW BEFORE THE MORNING SUN,
SO FLIES MAN'S HOPES OF HAPPINESS AWAY.

Deaths.

At Philadelphia, Thomas Wignell, one of the Managers of the New Theatre of that place.

At Troy, Brigadier General Moses Hagen, Aged 69, a distinguished revolutionary officer.

Erratum in our last.
In the 4th Verse of the lines addressed to C. Osburn, on the death of his wife, read—

O'er all my fondest hopes a gloomy veil,

Wanted,

AN APPRENTICE TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.

A smart boy of good morals.

Apply at this office.

On Sunday morning, March 6, a Charity Sermon will be preached at St. Paul's Church, for the benefit of the Episcopal Charity School.

N. B. The new Organ will perform.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, Feb. 28, 1805,

Presented,
Voice of Nature.

To which will be added, a Musical Interlude in one act, (never performed here) called

The Good Neighbor.

After which a

Comedy, in 3 acts, called,

The Lie of a Day.

FANCY BASKETS.

The Subscriber returns his grateful thanks to his friends and the public in general for the liberal encouragement he has experienced, and hopes for a continuance of their favors.

Just received per the Ship Flora, Captain Lee, and Ship Orlando, Captain Marchalk, from Amsterdam, an elegant assortment of Work, Toilet, Fruit, Wine Glass, Tumbler, Bread and Market Baskets, for sale by

JAMES THORBURN,

No. 24, Maiden-Lane,

Who keeps a constant supply of Cedar Tubs, Coolers, Pails, and other woodenware.

Feb. 19th.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

No. 246 Water Street, near Peck-Slip,

Has for sale,

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Blank Books of every description.

Bibles of every size.

REUBEN and RACHAEL,

Tales of old Times.

By Mrs. Rowson.

THE VICAR OF LANSLOWNE,

Or Country Quarters.

MEMOIRS OF

THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.

By Regina Maria Rooke.



THE LAWYER.

PROFESSIONS will abuse each other,
The Priest won't call the Lawyer brother;
While Sallied still beknives the Parson,
And says he can't to keep the face on;
Yet will readily support
They are not truly bitter foes,
But only have their pleasant jokes,
And banter just like other folks:
As thus, for so they quit the Law,
Once on a time in history FIVE
A man, to tell you as the fact is,
Of vast chicane, of course of practice;
(But what profession can we trace
Whom some will for the Corps displace)
Sallied, perhaps by regular claim,
Who tempts him to become more pious)
A notice had to quit this world,
And from his desk at length was hurled,
Observe, I pray, the plain narration:
Twain a hot and long vacation,
When time he hid, but no assistance,
Tho' great from courts of law the distance,
To reach the court of truth and justice;
(Where I confess my only trial)
Tho' he had the learned plowder
Shown lakon today of a leader,
Yet his own fame he must support,
Be sometimes witty with the court,
Or work the passions of a jury
By tender strains, or full of fury,
Misleads them all, tho' twelve apostles,
White with new law the judge he jostles,
And makes them all give up their pow'rs
To speeches of at least three hours.
But we have left our little man,
And wander'd from our purpose plan:
'Tis said, (without ill-natured leaven)
"If ever lawyers get to heaven,
"It shall be by slow degrees."
(Perhaps 'tis slow they raise their fees)
The case then, now I'll fairly state,
Flaw reach'd at last to heav'n's high gate;
Quite spent, he rapp'd, none did it nearer,
The gate was open'd by St. Peter,
Who look'd at Sallied when he came,
All black, the little man of law;
But charity was Peter's guide
For, having once himself denied
His Master, he would not o'er pass
The penitent of any class;
Yet, never having heard those enter'd
A lawyer may, nor one that entered
Within the realms of peace and love,
He told him, mildly, to remove,
And would have clos'd the gate of day,
Had not old FIVE, as I explain'd say,
Denouncing to a hard fate,
Begg'd but a look, tho' through the gate;

Unwilling to be thought too hard,
Open the gate to be last reap in;
What said the lawyer? That he could not;
Of such a case, is that possible?
Oh, no, he knew his own profession;
He took his hat off, with respect,
And would no gentle means neglect;
But finding it was all in vain
For him admittance to obtain,
Thought it was best, for once what will,
To gain an entry by his skill;
So while St. Peter stood aside,
To let the door be open'd wide,
He shinn'd his hat with all his strength,
Within the gates, to no small length;
St. Peter star'd; the lawyer ask'd him
Only to fetch his hat, and pass'd him;
But when he reach'd the Jack he'd thrown,
Oh, then was all the lawyer shown,
He clapp'd it on, with warm embrace,
(As if he'd been the gallant Bence)
Cry'd out, "What think you of my plan?"
"ABOUT ME, PETER, IF YOU CAN."

THE BRIDE.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

HER finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring,
It was too wide a peak;
And so truth, but it must,
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young girl's neck.
Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light;
But, oh! she danc'd with a gay—
No fun upon an Easter day
Is half so sweet!
Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No dairy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a catherine pear,
(The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
(Come see how stung it newly)
But, black, her eyes so gaily set,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handlet all the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Fire, when it is not strong enough to burn the wood,
blackens it: this is the picture of a slanderer.

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Among all the different remedies, and especially
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turned. It is likewise of a most delicate nature, it
might be used internally, in the most delicate cases, it
being truly deserv'd of the many important recom-
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